The Want Page

SUPPLIES ALL WANTS

A Sweet Spinster.

(Copyrighted, 1895, by E. Louise Liddell.)

"Dear me," chirped Miss Patience Cummings, "I can't seem to sense it, that it's so near Christmas."

"Well, I guess you would, if you had as much to do as I have," snapped her sister-in-law. "But some folks can always take things easy."

"I don't think you need talk like that, Susan," returned Patience, "I'm always willin' to help, an' I calculate to pay my way."

"Humph," retorted Susan, with an aggressive sniff, "what do old maids know 'bout the cares of housekeepin', I'd like to know."

"Now, Susan," said Patience, the color rising in her delicate face, "if you say so I'll go right out in the kitchen this minute an' take hold of the baking."

"Well, I should think you'd know that I'd rather you'd keep at work on that suit of Jim's. There he is wearin' his last pair of pants, and I expect any minute when he'll come through the knees—to say nothin' of the seat," returned Susan, in aggrieved tones. "I never did see such a young one's he is for wearin' out clothes," she continued complacently, her voice softening, for little Jim was her one weakness.

The elder woman sighed as she bent over her work.

"Patience," she said to herself, "Seems though they must know I'd need a lot, or they wouldn't give me that name."

Susan in the meantime had gone out into the kitchen, and was stirring round in a lively manner among the cooking utensils. "Makin' things hum," as her more easy-going husband was wont to remark.

Presently Patience became aware, from the cessation of domestic clatter, and the sound of voices in animated conversation, that Susan had a visitor.

"Don't see what made 'em come in the back door," she said to herself, with a feeling of regret, that she was missing a little innocent gossip.

But she refrained from going to see who it was from a feeling that her sister-in-law wouldn't like it—and Susan was a little 'difficult' sometimes. So she continued at her work. After awhile the caller departed and Susan came into the sitting-room in a state of repressed excitement.

"Don't you think. May Barrow's been here!" she exclaimed.

"I want to know," said Patience, in pleased surprise. "I'd like to have seen May myself. Why didn't you bring her in here?"

"Well, I calculated to," said Susan, looking a little confused, "but we got to talkin', an' all at once May said she must go, an' told me to give her love to you."

"Much obliged," returned Patience, politely.

"I've got news for you," ventured Susan, eyeing her doubtfully. "Who do you s'pose is goin' to get married?"

"I sure I dunno," replied Patience, absently. She was feeling disappointed at not seeing May.

"Well, it's Squire Willard, an' he's goin' to marry a widder woman from Linebrook, with two grown-up daughters. What do you think of that?"

"I s'pose he's got a right to," said Patience defiantly, but her fingers were trembling and she bent her head still lower over her work.

"For my part, I must say I think he's treatin' somebody else pretty mean," said Susan, "after all his comin' here so frequent the last year."

Patience held her head up proudly at this insinuation. "I'd have you understand, Susan," said she, "that Squire Willard's free to marry whoever he likes; it's nothin' to me!"

"Well, you needn't get huffy 'bout it," muttered Susan as she went out to resume her onslaught on the pans and kettles.

Poor Miss Patience! She had secretly admired Nat Willard all her life. As a handsome young man he had "kept company" with pretty Pattie Cummings, but when he had married his cousin, the old squire's ward, Pattie had tried to put all thought of him out of her heart. But no other of her numerous beaux had found favor in her sight.

Now Nat, who had succeeded to his father's title, had been a widower for several years, and if this renewed attentions to his old sweetheart had caused her to build some delightful air castles who can wonder or blame her, even if she had passed her thirty-sixth birthday and was "old enough to know better."

So it is not surprising that Miss Patience worked buttonholes and felled seams on little Jim's new suit with a heavy heart for the remainder of the day.

However, she comforted herself with the philosophic reflection that "nobody ever felt so bad that they didn't feel better some time."

Christmas Day passed uneventfully. There was the usual turkey and plum pudding, and little else to remind one that it was a holiday. The members of the family were reserving themselves for evening, when they were going to Linebrook to attend a Christmas festival held in the church, the principal feature of which was a Christmas tree.

Patience had never seen one, and would have enjoyed going, but there wasn't room for her in the sleigh, and besides it never seemed to occur to her brother or his wife, that the "old maid" could be interested in any sort of amusement.

So she resigned herself to a lonely evening at home.

"Now, Patience Cumming's there's no mopin' 'lowed," she soliloquized, trying to dispel the forlorn feeling that came over her, as she came back into the big empty sitting room, after seeing the rest of the family off.

"You're jest goin' to fetch some cider'n apples, an' pop some corn an' have a real good time."

Acting on this resolution she brought in from the pantry a dish of rosy-cheeked apples and ears of yellow corn. She was just seating herself to shell the corn, when she started up with a smile on her face.

"Why shouldn't I?" she exclaimed. "Christmas don't come none too often."

Lighting a candle she went up to her little room under the eaves. She put the light down on the old-fashioned mahogany bureau, and opening her closet door, took down her two, and only, highly prized silk gowns.

One a delicate dove color, had been her mother's wedding gown, and with slight alterations, from time to time, had served Patience on those rare occasions when something extraordinary in the way of dress was required. The other was a steady-going black silk.

She regarded them lovingly, but critically, withal.

"'Twould be more sensible to put on the black," she argued, smoothing the ruchings in neck and sleeves. "But the other's more dressy—an' I've a good mind to wear it, no knowin' when I'll have another chance, I b'lieve I will."

And she resolutely replaced the black dress on its pegs, and hastily—for the room was cold—arrayed herself in the more pretentious garb of former days.

That done, she arranged her still abundant fair hair high up on her head, and put in a high-topped shell comb—her mother's—and regarded herself shyly in the small looking-glass.

Her cheeks burned [illegible] shone! She smiled back at her own reflection.

"Patience Cummings," said she, "you're a very frivolous woman, but it's only for this once, you understand." And lifting her train with one hand, she took the candle in the other, and descended to the sitting room.

"Oughter have some flowers, I expect," said she, recklessly breaking off two of the finest blossoms from her favorite pink rose bush in the window.

One at her throat, the other in her hair. "Now I look something like," said she.

At that moment there came a loud knock at the door.

She started guiltily. "Who under the canopy can it be?" she ejaculated. "An' what will they think of me! I daresn't show my head."

Another knock louder than before.

"'Spose I'll have to see who's there," and she looked around for something with which to cover up her finery. She spied Susan's water-proof hanging over a chair, and enveloping herself in its ample folds she opened the door a very little and looked cautiously out.

"Don't be afraid, Miss Patience, it's only me," said a hearty voice.

"Oh, how do you do, Squire Willard? You gave me an awful scare. Won't you come in?" she exclaimed, opening the door wide.

"Well, I guess I will, seein' that's what I came over for," responded the visitor, reaching out a hand in friendly greeting.

Patience couldn't extend hers very far, on account of that old water-proof, but did the best she could under the circumstances.

"The folks have all gone away," she informed him, rather stiffly. She wasn't at all sure that she didn't wish her visitor away, too.

"Yes, I saw 'em go by," said the squire, who had been divesting himself of his overcoat, "an' I noticed you wasn't along, so I thought I'd come over. But maybe you were goin' out," he added, regarding her with an expression of perplexity on his genial face.

He recollected with some embarrassment that she hadn't asked him to take off his overcoat, or sit down, and somehow she didn't look very cordial, standing there with that long black thing hanging around her.

"I don't wanter hinder you," he continued.

"I wasn't thinkin' of goin' out," replied Patience, and then she laughed.

"Now, what's the joke?" asked the squire, looking somewhat relieved at this sudden change in demeanor on her part.

"I guess I don't seem over'n above polite," said Patience, apologetically, "but I couldn't keep from laughin' to think of goin' out in this rig," and she threw off the cloak and stood smiling and blushing before the squire.

"Why, Pattie!" cried the squire, using the old familiar name unconsciously, "you look pretty as a picture."

"I guess you'll think I'm a fool," said she.

"I guess not," he returned. "Seems to me I've seen you wear that dress before."

"I didn't s'pose you'd remember," murmured she.

"Don't seem's though 'twas more'n a week since you wore it to that party over to our house," he continued in reminiscent tones.

"Don't it?" she returned faintly, her eyes downcast.

"Pattie," said he, regarding her tenderly, "I made a mistake a great many years ago—we won't talk 'bout that, though. But I always thought a sight of you, an' I've been thinkin' considerable 'bout old times lately—an' wonderin' if you didn't—that is, if you wouldn't give me another chance."

Would she! Did she understand! It all seemed like a dream.

She raised her eyes inquiringly. The squire's face was very near her.

"I want you for my wife, Pattie," said he, softly.

"Oh, Squire Willard, do you really mean it?" she exclaimed, tremulously.

"Mean it! Why, Pattie!" said the squire, reproachfully.

And his arguments in the affirmative were so very conclusive and convincing that Patience felt her doubts gradually melt away, and speedily believed herself to be the happiest woman in the world.

In fact, they both sailed up into the seventh heaven of bliss, where they doubtless would have remained indefinitely, but for Patience's unfortunate memory. She suddenly withdrew from her lover's encircling arms.

"Squire Willard," said she, seriously, "I just forgot myself."

"That's all right; I hope you'll forget yourself again," returned he. "You'd better forget to call me 'squire, too."

"I ain't jokin'," said Patience, with dignity; "an' I think I oughter know 'bout that widder woman you're goin' to marry."

"Widder woman!" cried the 'squire, in astonishment. "I ain't goin' to marry any widder, unless you're one."

"Don't you go regular to Linebrook to see a widder with two grown-up daughters?" demanded Patience.

"Yes, I do," answered the 'squire, his eyes twinkling; "but I dunno's I'm 'bliged to marry her, 'f I do."

"No, I s'pose you can go around breakin' women's hearts," returned Patience, her voice trembling. She felt that her idol was shattered and her short-lived happiness at an end.

"Now, Pattie," said the 'squire, repressing an evident inclination to laugh, "I shouldn't have thought you'd believed any such yarn. I s'posed you knew that I went over to Linebrook to see Sister Ellen, she lost her husband six months ago, an' she'n her girls have come there to live."

"Well, if that don't beat all. I dunno's you'll ever forgive me," faltered Patience.

"Well, I'll try," returned he. "S'posen I begin now."

The 'squire never did anything by halves, and certainly the happy penitent could not complain that he was not very thorough in this matter of granting absolution.

He made one demand, however, which was not refused, and on New Year's Day the wedding bells sang merrily for the 'squire and his bride.

"Well, I'll be switched!" exclaimed Sister-in-law Susan, "if Patience ain't a sly one."

Thirty Dollars for a Moth.

A specimen of that entomological rarity known as as the Lunar May moth (ophiodes lunaris), which was captured in Stratton Strawless wood in 1878, has just been sold in London for £6. This insect, which fell to the net of Dr. F. D. Wheeler, the well-known collector in the Fen district, is only the fifth taken in England. Its home is in Hungary and Dalmatia and it also occurs in the oak woods of Southern Europe, although it is exceedingly fickle in its appearance. Its previous occurrences in this country were once in Hampshire, once in Kent, and twice in Sussex.—Pall Mall Gazette.

She Was Cautious.

"One sweet kiss before I go," said young Mr. Northside, at 11 p. m., as he stood in the hall of his charmer's house.

"But, Fred," she began.

"What is it, dear?"

"Have you a certificate from your physician that your family is free from tubercu—?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

AN UNREDEEMED PLEDGE.

BY E. L. BANK.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" The cry rang out on Oxford street, near Tottenham Court road. It came from a pretty girl, stylishly dressed, who, a moment before, might have been observed looking into one of the shop windows. "Won't anybody stop him? He has my purse!" she called out again, pointing down the street, where a man's figure could be seen making rapid headway.

The assembled crowd gazed after him, but not one attempted to make chase, so the girl herself started in pursuit, while the passers were edified by the sight of an excited looking young woman running along Oxford street, with her brown sailor hat knocked sideways and her hair tumbling down. Suddenly the man turned right-about-face, and ran back again to ward Tottenham Court road, straight into the outstretched arms of a policeman.

When the girl arrived on the spot she was pale and almost breathless, but she managed to say, "He took my purse," when the officer asked the cause of the disturbance.

The thief—a medium sized, cadaverous looking man—glanced first at the policeman, then at the girl, with wild eyes, and, to the astonishment of everyone, blurted out: "Yes, I've got it! Here it is." He took from his pocket a large alligator purse, embellished with curiously wrought silver initials, and handed it to the officer with a dogged air of bravado.

"Is this yours, lady?" asked the officer, turning to the accuser.

"Yes; please give it to me and let the man off. I don't think he'll steal again," she answered, holding out her hand to receive it.

"I couldn't do that, miss. You'll have to go to the station and identify it," was the reply.

The girl's face turned paler still as she begged to be given back her property, but finding her pleading of no avail, she followed to the police station.

The official in charge handed her a book and directed her to write her name, address and occupation; so, with trembling fingers, she wrote: "Alice Moreton, blank number, blank street, Bloomsbury; stenographer and typewriter."

The accused also gave a name and address, and, turning to the young lady, stammered out:

"I shouldn't have done it, lady, but I was hungry, and hadn't had anything for two days."

"The same old story. That's the way with all of you," answered the policeman, gruffly.

The girl was about to say something to the prisoner, when, glancing at the officer, who had the stolen property, she noticed that he was looking over the contents of the purse.

"How dare you?" she demanded, starting forward, as if to snatch it from him.

"It is my duty to examine it, madam," he replied. Then he laid upon the table three sixpences, eight pennies, a bit of foreign paper money, several cards, a latchkey, and a yellow pawn ticket. "I must return to the purse the things that are of value," said he, as he put back into one of the compartments the money and the ticket. "Come to the police court to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock."

That night the man who had snatched Alice Moreton's purse ate supper at the police station, and slept more comfortably than he had for months. He was not what would be called a "professional thief." He belonged to the "out-o'-works," who gather every Sunday in Hyde Park and listen to the gospel of socialism. He had never before attempted stealing purses, but the affair did not trouble him. The young lady, judging by her clothes, and the purse, must be tolerably well-to-do, and, as all young ladies were soft-hearted, she would doubtless ask the magistrate to let him off.

The supposed well-to-do young lady went to the address she had given, and spent her evening in a small fourth-story back room in a Bloomsbury lodging-house. Up to midnight she sat by a dim candle darning a pair of rather discouraging stockings. The room was modeled on the pattern of the usual cheap, upper story lodging-house chamber, and the candle only half disclosed the shabbiness of the rickety furniture. As the darning needle moved back and forth a sort of grim, defiant smile gathered on the girl's face.

"Well," she mused, "this is an instance of one-half the world not knowing how the other half lives. The man was doubtless hungry, as he said, and observing that I was well dressed and carried a valuable looking purse, he had no reason to suspect that I needed it as much as he did. How was he to know that my dress and hat were bought on the installment plan and not paid for; that the beautiful purse contained just two shillings and two pence in money and a pawn ticket for my mother's wedding ring? And then, how should he know that just as he snatched the purse from me I was thinking that it also must follow the ring, and that I must then carry my change in my pocket? Well, I suppose it would not be so very heavily laden!"

When the candle had burned out Alice Moreton, stenographer and typewriter, went to bed, tired and hungry. The money left at the police station had made it impossible for her to procure her usual supper of bread and tea. In the morning she ate the breakfast supplied by the landlady, at the price of 8 pence, and at 10 o'clock she appeared at the police court. The place was a revelation to her, and she shrank from the filth and misery by which she was surrounded. In the waiting room, where she stopped till her case was called, the miserably clad women who also waited stared at her in wonder.

"What's the likes of her doin' here?" whispered one woman to another. "Sendin' some poor servant girl to jail, I'll be bound."

In the course of time, long after the hour appointed, she was called to the court room. The policeman told of the thief's capture, and when he related that the valuables of the purse consisted of three sixpences, eight coppers and a pawn ticket for £1, Alice Moreton's face went crimson, and then a strangely hard and determined look came over it.

As she stepped into the witness box she asked the officer in a whisper if the prisoner had had any supper the night before.

"Oh, yes, lady; they're always fed," was the answer.

At that her face hardened still more, and it was with a peculiarly set expression that she told the story of the theft. Once the prisoner interrupted her with:—

"I was hungry, lady, and I thought you had plenty. As soon as I stole it I was sorry, and when I turned around to go toward you I meant to give it back to you."

But the lines of her mouth relaxed not a bit. She finished answering the questions that were put to her, and left the witness box without putting in the usual feminine plea for leniency to the offender.

"Why didn't you ask the magistrate not to be hard on him?" asked one of the women she passed, as she left the room.

"Because he deserves all he gets," she replied with a touch of sympathy in her tones.

"Four months!" thundered his Worship three minutes later, after the prisoner had attempted to give a garbled account of how he came to take the purse. Not one person in the court room but thought the sentence rather severe for so small a crime, but it is more than probable that when his Worship pronounced it the thought of the pawn ticket that the purse contained rankled in his mind, and made him wish that he might send the culprit up for years instead of months. And Alice Moreton, remembering that she went supperless to bed while the thief was well fed and cared for, thought the sentence all too just.

It was something over a year ago that the court room scene was enacted. The man did his four months in prison, and returned to his out-o'-work comrades. Alice Moreton is stenographer and typewriter still, and a boarder at one of the Homes for Working Girls. The purse, with its silver initials, hangs in a pawnshop window, an unredeemed pledge—a reminder of one of life's mockeries.

Financial Reasons.

Whyte—What made you change doctors? I thought Dr. Pellett was your family physician.

Browne—So he was, but I never like to owe any one doctor more than $100.—Somerville Journal.

Why Bells for Christmas Ring.

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star
Seen by shepherds from afar
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay.
And its mother sang and smiled,
"This is Christ, the holy child."

Therefore bells for Christmas ring;
Therefore little children sing.

—Eugene Field.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING—Large front, corner rooms, second-floor; furnished complete; cooking utensils; dishes; gas; heat; bath; sewing machine; $15 per month. 201 10th sw. 1t

FOR RENT—1027 22d st. nw.; four communicating rooms; single or en suite; furnished or unfurnished; very mod. de25-3t

FOR RENT—1012 F nw.; two front office rooms over Desio's jewelry store and opposite the Boston house. de25-7t

FOR RENT—Rooms, with or without board. 239 4 1-2 st. sw. 1t

"FURNISHED ROOMS" signs, 5c. each, at JOHN F. SHEIRY, 623 D st. nw. no27-1aw-1mo

FOR RENT—Room and board; $3.50 per week; good table. 1322 Florida ave. ne. de24-3t

FOR RENT—1359 C st. sw., a five-room house; large yard; $12.50 per month. Apply A. T. COOMBS, 1425 N. Y. ave. nw. de21-7t

FOR RENT—Two well furnished rooms, back and front, communicating; together or singly; $6 and $10, respectively; all modern improvements; private family. Apply at 918 R. I. ave. de18-tf-em

FOR RENT—Unfurnished—Five rooms, with double parlor and bath; $14.50 per month. 423 N. Y. ave. nw. 1t-em

FOR RENT—Three front rooms; furnished; from $6 to $10 per month. 1014 10th st. de24-8t

FOR RENT—215 9th sw., near B; cheerful front rooms; heat, gas and bath de25-2t

BUSINESS CHANCES.

$150 will buy half interest in meat and grocery business; experience not necessary. Address BUSINESS, this office. de23-2t

BOARDING.

ELEGANT table board at 916 H st. nw.; $3.50 per week. de19-6t-em

PERSONAL.

QUICK cure, either sex; any ailment, by the new electric treatment; relieves at once; consultation free. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 937 F st. nw. de3-14t

PERSONAL.

B. R.—Call at City P. O. for letter of 23d inst. at once. W. de24-3t

WILL give $100 to person securing me government position paying $75 or more. CONFIDENTIAL J., this office. de24-3t

AS in the past we'll continue in the future, selling the most elegant custom-made suits and overcoats, the least bit worn, at figures that are good to know about. JUSTH'S OLD STAND, 619 D st. nw. de24-7t

ONE DOLLAR PER WEEK is not much to spend, but it will buy a magnificent ladies' watch, with guaranteed movements, at GEORGE D. HORNING, Room 8, Central Bldg., cor Pa. ave and 9th st. de23

PERSONAL—Washington, D. C., Oct. 25, 1895. I have used Crump's Tonic for Indigestion and Constipation and have been greatly benefited. Within two months I gained over 25 pounds in flesh. MYRON M. PARKER.

$100 reward for a case of Dyspepsia or Indigestion that cannot be cured with Crump's Tonic of Fruit and Spices. A delicious and invigorating tonic. The most remarkable remedy ever discovered for stomach troubles. Quick acting. The good effects are felt from the first bottle CRUMP M'F'G Co., 603 F st. nw.

TRILBYS "Ben Bolt" five cents. WORCH, 924 Seventh st. de21-10t

LADIES needing confidential treatment. A safe and sure relief in all female trouble, constipation, irregularities, tumor, cancer, opium habit, fistula, etc. Separate rooms for patients before and during confinement, and find homes for infants if required. Strictly confidential. MRS. DR. KENNER, 16 Fourth st. S., near E. Capitol st., Washington, D. C. je8-tf

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DR. LEON,
461 Missouri Avenue. de11-3m

DR. TAYLOR, 906 F st. nw., makes full sets of teeth for $5; satisfaction guaranteed; teeth extracted without pain; gold filling, $1; amalgam, 50c. se4-tf

J. T. WALKERSONS, 204 10th st. nw., carpet lining, felts, fire brick and clay, asbestos, paints, brushes, lime, cement, two and three-ply roofing material. apr21-tf

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FOR SALE—Valuable dark-bay mare, 8 years old; guaranteed in every way; worth $75; will take $40 cash. P. H., 127 California st. ne. 1t-em

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25 PER CENT SAVED BY BUYING YOUR TRUNKS, DRESS SUIT CASES AND TRAVELING BAGS from headquarters. GERMULLER'S the place, 641 La. ave. de22-7t

JUST imported from Europe—birds and pets; suitable presents. G. SEBILLE'S BIRD STORE, 1723 Pa. ave. nw. de19-7t-em

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PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Organs from $24.50. Pianos from $175 up. Cash or easy monthly payments.

W. H. SHOEMAKER & SON. de1-30t 422 Ninth street.

FOR SALE—Best make of incubators, brooders and fresh green bone; call and see the incubators in working order, Schmid's Bird and Pet Animal Store, 712 12th st. nw. and 1221 Pa. ave. oc5-tf

FOR SALE—HOUSES.

FOR SALE OR RENT—House, No. 435 O st. nw., 8 rooms, bath, front and back yard and rear alley; lot 21 1-2x135; in perfect repair; terms low and easy. Apply to owner, R. W. FENWICK, 602 F st., or 1303 N st. nw. de21-1w

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

FOR RENT—House 807 11th st. nw., 12 rooms; m. i.; in perfect repair. Apply at 805 11th st. dec25-6t

FOR RENT—Gentleman wishes small family to take house and board him rent free; will make it an object to acceptable family; 7 rooms unfurnished; 13th st., near U cars; Address, describing family, "HOME," Carrier 99, P. O. de23-3t

FOR RENT—1238 Duncan st. ne.; 7 rooms; all mod. imps.; nearly new; $15.30. JOHN W. MORRIS, 614 F st. de24-8t

FOR RENT—No. 1309 14th st. nw., 10 rooms and bath, $65; 1311 14th st. nw., 10 rooms and bath, $65; 1203 Q st. nw., 10 rooms and bath, $50; 1207 Q st. nw., 10 rooms and bath, $60; 1213 Q st. nw., 10 rooms and bath, $65; 1341 Vermont ave., $15; 1602 Vermont ave., $40. A. HEITMULLER & CO., 1333 14th st. de14-2w

LOST.

LOST—Red plain shawl on December 21, going from Pennsylvania avenue, 10th st. to F, to 9th st.; reward if returned 518 A st. se. de24-3t-em

LOST or stolen—Liberty wheel, No. 14749, from 1839 16th st. nw.; suitable reward if returned to C. W. MAUPIN, 608 F st. nw. de24-2t-em

WANTED—POSTAGE STAMPS.

DEPARTMENT Stamps, all kinds and any quantity, bought and highest cash prices given. H. F. DUNKHORST, 1005 7th st. nw. de22-tf

STOLEN.

STOLEN—On Dec. 14, from 308 7th st. nw., an Erie bicycle, No. 10,054; a suitable reward will be given for its recovery. Apply to R. E. HARVEY, 715 6th st. ne. de24-2t

RAILROADS.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

STATION CORNER OF SIXTH AND B STREETS.

In Effect November 17, 1895.

10.30 A. M. PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED—Pullman Sleeping, Dining, Smoking and Observation Cars, Harrisburg to Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Cleveland, and Toledo. Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg.

10.30 A. M. FAST LINE—Pullman Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Parlor and Dining Cars, Harrisburg to Pittsburg.

3.40 P. M. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS EXPRESS—Pullman Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Sleeping and Dining Cars Harrisburg to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, and Chicago.

7.10 P. M. WESTERN EXPRESS—Pullman Sleeping Car to Chicago, and Harrisburg to Cleveland. Dining Car to Chicago.

7.10 P. M. SOUTH-WESTERN EXPRESS—Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars to St. Louis, and Sleeping Car Harrisburg to Cincinnati.

10.40 P. M. PACIFIC EXPRESS—Pullman Sleeping Car to Pittsburg.

7.50 A. M. for Kane, Canandaigua, Rochester, and Niagara Falls daily, except Sunday.

10.30 A. M. for Elmira and Renova, daily, except Sunday. For Williamsport daily, 3.40 p. m.

7.10 P. M. for Williamsport, Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls daily, except Saturday, with Sleeping Car Washington to Suspension Bridge, via Buffalo.

10.40 P. M. for Erie, Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls daily, Sleeping Car Washington to Elmira.

For Philadelphia, New York, and the East.

4.00 P. M. "CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED," daily, all Parlor Cars, with Dining Car from Baltimore. Regular at 7.05 (Dining Cars), 7.20, 9.00, 10.00 (Dining Car), and 11.00 (Dining Car from Wilmington) a. m., 12.45, 3.15, 4.20, 6.40, 10.00, and 11.35 p. m. On Sunday, 7.05 (Dining Car), 7.20, 9.00, 11.00 (Dining Car from Wilmington) a. m., 12.15, 3.15, 4.20, 6.40, 10.00, and 11.35 p. m. For Philadelphia only, Fast Express 7.50 a. m. week-days. Express, 12.15 week-days, 2.01 and 5.40 p. m. daily. For Boston without change, 7.50 a. m. week-days, and 3.15 p. m. daily.

For Baltimore, 6.25, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 9.00, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, and 11.50 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 2.01, 3.15, 3.40 (4.00 Limited), 4.20, 4.36, 5.40, 6.05, 6.40, 7.10, 10.00, 10.40, 11.15, and 11.35 p. m. On Sunday, 7.05, 7.20, 9.00, 9.05, 10.30, 11.00 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.01, 3.15, 3.40 (4.00 Limited), 4.20, 5.40, 6.05, 6.40, 7.10, 10.00, 10.40, and 11.35 p. m.

For Pope's Creek Line, 7.20 a. m. and 4.36 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

For Annapolis, 7.20, 9.00 a. m., 12.15 and 4.20 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Sundays, 9.00 a. m. and 4.20 p. m.

Atlantic Coast Line Express for Richmond, Jacksonville, and Tampa, 4.36 a. m., 3.46 p. m. daily. Richmond and Atlanta, 8.40 p. m. daily. Richmond only, 10.57 a. m. week-days.

Accommodating, for Quantico, 7.45 a. m. daily, and 4.25 p. m. week-days.

For Alexandria, 4.30, 6.35, 7.45, 8.40, 9.45, 10.57, 11.50 a. m., 12.50, 1.40, 3.20, 4.25, 5.00, 5.37, 6.18, 8.02, 10.10, and 11.39 p. m. On Sunday at 4.30, 7.45, 9.45 a. m., 2.45, 6.15, 8.02, and 10.10 p. m.

Leave Alexandria for Washington, 6.05, 6.43, 7.05, 8.00, 9.10, 10.15, 10.28 a. m., 1.00, 2.15, 3.00, 3.23, 5.00, 5.30, 6.15, 7.00, 7.20, 9.10, 10.52 and 11.08 p. m. On Sunday at 6.43, 9.10, 10.28 a. m., 2.15, 5.30, 7.00, 7.20, 9.10, and 10.52 p. m.

Ticket offices, corner Fifteenth and G streets and at the station, Sixth and B streets, where orders can be left for the checking of baggage to destination from hotels and residences.

J. M. PREVOST, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Passenger Agent.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SPECIAL NOTICE—To all friends of organized labor, greeting. This is to notify that the difference pending between Journeymen Butchers' Union, No. 6341, and Edward G. Schneider, pork butcher and sausage manufacturer, on Seventh street road, has as yet not been settled. de23-4t.eod

HELP WANTED—MALE.

WANTED—Apprentice wanted in a weekly newspaper composing room. Address H. C. T., this office. de25-3t

WANTED—Drug apprentice; one not afraid of work. Address DRUGS, this office. de24-3t

WANTED—For the marine corps, boys, as apprentices to learn field music (drum and trumpet); must be between fourteen and sixteen years of age; of good moral character and sound health, and able to read and write; consent of parents or guardians necessary. Apply to the COMMANDING OFFICER, Marine Barracks, 8th st. se. no5-1mo

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

WANTED—First-class washer woman, 1138 19th st. nw. 1t

WANTED—15 females for domestic service at once; help furnished free. MRS. I. C. MOORE, 306 G st. nw. 1t

HELP WANTED—MALE AND FEMALE.

WANTED—Young white woman or man cook, for wages, or to take interest in dining rooms. Address B. B. Y., this office. 1t

WANTED—First-class agents with good references. 615-617 14th st., Lawrence Building, room 35. de24-2t

THE MONARCH of books, "John Sherman's Recollections of Forty Years in the House, Senate and Cabinet." A work of unusual interest and importance; the greatest history of modern times, now ready for delivery; sold by subscription only. We desire the services of a few first-class solicitors, to whom we offer remunerative employment and exclusive territory. Call or address R. F. STONESTREET, manager, the Werner Company, 606 F st. nw., Washington, D. C. de22-7t

SITUATION WANTED—MALE.

WANTED—A boy about 20 years old wants a position to drive or help take care of horses or to wait, and make himself useful around house. Apply T. H., this office. 1t

WANTED—Free! Free! Free! Mechanics of any kind furnished by us; also we have a few men suitable for driving a team or something similar; best of refs. furnished. WORKINGMEN'S LIBRARY AND BUREAU OF LABOR, Tel. 260. 600 13th st. nw. M. D. SHENK, Clerk. 1t

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

WANTED—A nice girl wants place as nurse for child two or three years old; city references given. Address RUSTIC, this office. 1t

WANTED—Place to do general house work or chambermaid. Address 912 M nw. de24-2t

WANTED—ROOMS.

WANTED—A flat of 3 or 4 unfurnished rooms, centrally located. Address FLATS, this office. de24-2t

WANTED—One or two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Address Box at 1128 Fifteenth st. nw. 1t

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Ice box and dining room and kitchen furniture on storage or easy payments. CATERER B. S., this office. 1t

WANTED—To rent a farm near city; state rent, etc. FARMER G., this office. de24-2t

WANTED—Girls to be self-supporting; married ladies to lessen dressmaking bills by learning to cut by Merchant Tailor Square; particulars at school, 718 12th st. se14-tf

Wanted—Try Rubber Roof Paint. WE STOP ALL LEAKS FREE. And charge only for painting; work guaranteed. NAT. RUBBER ROOF PAINT CO., 1003 8th nw

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANCERS cured without the knife; ample references. Sanitarium, 1320 G st. nw. CHARLES ALLEN, M. D. no20-3mo

JUST RECEIVED—Fine lot young Cuban parrots, guaranteed to talk; also monkeys, canaries, mocking birds, gold fish, dogs, and fancy pigeons. SCHMID'S, 712 12th st. nw., branch 1221 Pa. ave. my10-tf

GUNS. Rifles, Revolvers, loading tools, hunters' outfits, watches, jewelry, guitars, violins, banjos, mandolins, at about one-half regular dealers' prices at PAWN SHOP, No. 1009 E st. nw. oc1-6mo

MONEY WANTED AND TO LOAN.

DO you wish to get a loan on good real estate without having to pay a commission? You can get it from us without delay. NATIONAL SAVINGS, LOAN AND TRUST CO., 617 F st. nw. de18-10t-em

MONEY TO LOAN—in large sums, or as low as $1,000, at 5 and 6 per cent on D. C. real estate; also $250, $500, $750, etc., at 6 per cent. WM. H. SAUNDERS & CO., 1407 F st. nw tf

MONEY to loan at 5 and 6 per cent, on District of Columbia realty; no delay if security is satisfactory. WALTER H. ACKER, 704 14th nw. fy31-tf

WANTED—The loan of $8,000 on first-class inside property; no agents. 708 19th st. se12-tf

MONEY TO LOAN—All classes of real estate loans made with promptness at current rates. THE McLACHLEN REAL ESTATE AND LOAN COMPANY, corner 10th and G streets nw. m9-tf

WE take as collateral any listed stock or bond in any city of the United States; also old line life insurance policies, syndicate certificates, warehouse receipts, real estate mortages, and trusts. YERKES & BAKER, 40 to 46 Metzerott Building.

H. K. FULTON'S Loan Office, 1218 Pa. ave. nw. Established in 1870. Money loaned on watches, diamonds, jewelry, silverware, etc. Special bargains in watches, jewelry, and silverware. au20-6m

EDUCATIONAL.

PIANO, Organ, Vocal Music and theory taught by J. F. GERMUILLER, 611 I st. nw.; terms moderate. de18-1mo

BUSINESS PENMANSHIP—One dollar a month until January. Two nights a week, from 8 to 9. EATON, BURNETT & DURLING Business College, 12th and F sts. nw. Ladies' Class from 3 to 4 p. m. no8-1mo.

WIMODAUGHSIS Classes, 1328 F st. nw., beginning November—Shorthand, dictation and typewriting, Mrs. Baldwin, of Business High School; bookkeeping, etc.

ADA L. SMITH, Supt.

Mount Vernon Seminary

CORNER M AND ELEVENTH STREETS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A SELECT RESIDENCE AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND LITTLE GIRLS.

Twenty-first year opens TUESDAY, October first. Large and attractive buildings, thoroughly equipped with every requisite of a refined home and a progressive school.

Applications for admission of pupils to the day school may be made after September fifteenth, between the hours of ten and one o'clock each morning.

MRS. ELIZABETH J. SOMERS, Principal.

se27-3mo.

-With apologies to the New York World.